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LEHIGH

I. F. Ball Issue

February 1941

-- FIFTEEN CENTS --

Bachelor





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LEHIGH Bachelor

Interfraternity Ball Issue

Volume 1 Number 4 Feb. 1941

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Beer and Skittles

• Gals

If Lehigh was a coed institution the staff of the BACHELOR would be happier because then we could select a Girl of the Month and Campus Queens and so forth and print their beautiful pictures in the BACHELOR. However, the situation being what it is we try to make up for it by printing galaxies of gals and be vies of beauties (pardon the Hollywood cliches) upon such occasions as Interfraternity ball.

We are printing 28 pictures from 28 fraternities. The Chi Psi's did not choose to contribute. Outside of this one exception, each fraternity is represented.

The engineer on the staff computed with his bright, shiny sliderule that there were eleven blondes and seventeen brunettes; twelve blue eyes and eleven brown eyes; seven New Yorkers, nine Jerseyites, and six Pennsylvanians; eleven choosing swimming, ten tennis, seven dancing, and four hockey in the favorite sport category.

Ignore the errors in this summarized computation; the engineer sold his sliderule to pay for the I. F. Ball ticket so a check is impossible.

• Barrage

A string of happy morons lines the rail of the fourth floor of Hyphen Hall (the stairway of Xmas-Saucon in case you are a freshman and don't know) the other morning and dropped snowballs gathered from the roof on the heads of unsuspecting people wandering around on the first floor.

• Sanitation

Something should be done about the antique sanitary facilities offered by Xmas-Saucon hall. The other day a Junior went to enter the basement lavatory. He opened the door and something resembling a tidal wave rushed out to greet him. Closing the door quickly and lifting his cuffs to a Princeton height he waded to the safety of the staircase. Then he dashed up the stairs for the fourth floor. Up there there is a door marked "Men." The door was locked. He remembered a little lavatory hidden on the third floor landing of the west wall stairs. Most people don't even know there is a staircase there. Try it sometime; it lets you out in Mr. Litzenburger's garden. Anyway the Junior barged through the third floor accounting lab, knocking over several embryo C. P. A.'s, and reached the lavatory. The door was unlocked.

THE LEHIGH BACHELOR is published seven times this year by an undergraduate group at Lehigh University. Exclusive reprint privileges granted all recognized college magazines. Subscription for seven issues, 75 cents. Single issue, 15 cents.

next page, please

Before and After The Ball We'll be Seeing You at Joe's

Joe Kinney

• Silversmith

About twenty fraternities were recently visited by a baldish, greyish, fortyish man who made for them on the spot heavy silver fraternity rings.

If the Economics department had learned of his activities, they would have probably tried to catch him and put him on file some place as an example of that fast disappearing species—the independent, self-sufficient craftsman.

L. V. Hall is his name and he comes from Hamilton, New York. He is a Sigma Chi from Miami University, class of 1915, and he makes 2,000 rings a year. He made about 200 here at Lehigh over a period of about a month. He has no planned itinerary but goes where he pleases. He has covered the entire United States in his twenty years of fraternity ring making, but confines his activity chiefly to the Northeast and Middle West. He manages to drop in at Lehigh every three or four years.

He does every operation that converts the strip of silver into a fraternity ring himself, with his self-made tools, using a self-designed method. He cuts his own dies from which he stamps the fraternity crests. Everything he does himself except prepare the original silver.

It is a very specialized craft and he is the only jeweler of this type in the country. He spends his summers cutting new dies and blanks getting ready for the next school year.

The success of his craft he attributes to three things: the low price of his rings, the human interest in watching the rings being made, and the fact that they are made and delivered a few hours after they are ordered.

The most amazing thing is he taught himself the trade. Since about four or five years old he has been hammering away making jewelry and his own unique method gradually evolved.

• Apology

Some of you have noticed that the jokes on page 5 of the January issue were precisely the same as the jokes printed on page 5 of the December issue. The BACHELOR apologizes, although it wasn't our fault. Page 5 is part of an insert which contains our national advertising. It was printed in New York and the error was made somewhere east of the Hudson.

• Tambella

This month's BACHELOR contains the three cartoons selected by the College Magazine Editorial Group as the best in recent college magazines. Please note the presence of one by the BACHELOR's art editor, Roger A. Tambella.

The Colgate *Banter* also was so impressed by the sophomore's work that they have borrowed four of his cartoons from the December issue to reprint in the *Banter*.

EVERY night I wake up in a cold sweat on account of I dream that I am back at Manderley again.

Standing ghastly and foreboding in a mist, the old homestead gives me the willies no end. All because of what happened when I married Wacks de Winter.

R. R. R. I had lived there only a day or two when R. kept cropping up everywhere. I knew that it was the initial of Wacks' wife whose name was R. Everywhere I went she haunted me. I was on the verge of.

"Wacks," I said plaintively, one day, "Wacks, who is this R. that everybody is hep about?" To answer my question he dashed down by the sea to play with his cocker spaniel whose name was r.

The climax to this gruesome affair R. came when we had a masquerade ball. Sly old Mrs. Danvers, who house-kept and still had a fetish for R., cornered me in the kitchen before the ball. R.

"Look, modom," she whispered with a wild gleam in her eye. "I got just the very costume for you. The one way to make your husband appreciate you." Open to suggestion, I listened to her avidly. She opened the refrigerator door and got out a lettuce leaf. "Wear this," she hissed, "and you won't have no trouble to get his love."

So, not knowing that she chortled behind my back, I dressed in my brief costume, the lettuce leaf. Then, hearing the guests arrive, I prepared to make my impressive entrance. My heart rattled with excitement, because I wanted to make a hit. R. R.

I whizzed down the bannister of the grand staircase in spectacular style. The assemblage gasped in horror. I was perplexed. Was my slip showing? Wacks slugged me with a handy log.

At this, I began to realize that I had committed some sort of a faux pas. Scalding tears cascaded down my cheeks. "Take your damn lettuce leaf," I shrieked, and I rushed pell-mell down the hall.

The fiendish housekeeper taunted me further. "Heh-heh," she heh-hehed, "R. wore a lettuce leaf too at the

R.. R.. R..

A poignant
tale retold

Tom Mekeel '42

▪ Satire ▪

ball. Wack could not stand the sight of you looking so inferior to her ravishing beauty."

"Oh, wofeful occasion," I moaned. "Oh, if only Mama was here. R. I am more to be pitied than censored. R."

Mrs. Danvers went off her nut at this moment and tried to heave me into the sea, but I evaded her adroitly and ran down to Wacks. "Where the devil did you think up that lettuce leaf?" he snarled. I explained Mrs. Danvers' treachery. Drawing his rifle, my dear Wacks bounded up the stairs.

With that, Jeeves came in and announced, "Dinner is served, modom, and the home is on fire." As if to illustrate his words more graphically, the walls blazed forth and Manderley became an inferno. R.

Craning my neck, R. I could see Wacks and Mrs. Danvers rassling for the rifle upon the top floor. R. I was peeved. Max never rassled with me. But flames R. were licking at my beloved's feet, his ankles, his knees. Cripes. R.

"Cripes," I shouted to R. this time, for the house was collapsing, carrying the rasslers to certain doom R. Manderley was in ashes.

Then a joyous R. shout from the R. other end of the house R. Wacks came limping toward me, carrying the charred remains of Mrs. Danvers. "Oh, miraculous escape," I squealed R. as we melted R. into R. a solid embrace. I felt R. that R. was gone R. for good, gone to hell with Mrs. Danvers. R.R.

In my dreams I often go back to Manderley again. But I don't have a very good time, because the place is burned down now. R.

Letters

Phi Beta Xi House
January 16, 1941

Those things
Uncle Sam carries
for you

▪ Satire ▪

Phi Beta Xi House
January 11, 1941

Carol, sweetness --
Lehigh's big winter dance, Interfraternity Ball, is scheduled for February 15, so how about it? They had mixup over the bands this year. First, the rumor was Hal Kemp, then Jimmy Dorsey, and now we find we have Bob Chester. While he isn't exactly terrific, he isn't bad and I think you would enjoy the dance muchly. Grace Hall isn't finished, so it will be at the Empire.
Ever since Johnny had you up for Fall Houseparty and I met you for the first time, you have been the chief occupant of my thoughts. Please be nice and say you'll come.

Very much yours,
HARRY

Monday the 13th

Dear Harry,
It was so sweet of you to ask me to I.F. and I would just love to come and I know we would have just the best possible time -- but I've already promised Johnny -- but as you and he are fraternity brothers I don't see why we shouldn't see a lot of each other anyway.
Bob Chester sounds good to me -- Johnny and I heard him in New York over the holidays and I was practically overcome by some of his arrangements -- it's too bad your lovely new rec center isn't going to be finished in time for the Ball but I think the Empire is definitely cute.

Love,
CAROL.

Dear Carol --

Can't help myself from feeling badly. I'd looked forward to having you up for the dance. Of course being able to see you, even as somebody else's date, is better than not seeing you at all. And if you have to come as somebody else's date, I'd rather it'd be JJohnny. He's my favorite roommate, y'know. I suppose you know he broke his ankle trying to ski at Skytop last weekend. I don't think he'll be doing much dancing on the 15th, but you and he can have fun listening to the music, unless -- and I'm speaking softly -- perhaps you want to switch over to me. It would really be doing Johnny a favor, because I imagine he would feel awkward at the dance, crutches and all. Think it over and see if you don't see it my way. I'm keeping my fingers crossed.

Love and kisses,
HARRY

Sunday the 19th

Dearest Johnny,

Received a letter from Harry the other a.m. and he told me about your dreadful accident at Skytop -- I just feel so sorry for you hobbling around South Mountain on crutches -- in this icy weather, too -- I think it is simply adorable and heroic of you not to mention it to me.

I don't think it is quite fair of me to make it harder for you by coming up as your date for I.F. when what you need is plenty of rest -- and it is so foolish for you to take me to a dance when you wouldn't be able to enjoy it one little bit.

Harry has offered to do a substitute job for the weekend -- it wouldn't be as if I wasn't really your date because he would be doing your dancing by proxy sort of -- and we would be with you

every bit of the time possible. Don't you think Harry is the sweetest think possible?

Yours, but definitely,

CAROL.

Phi Beta Xi House

Jan. 22, 1940

Carol, darling,

You are the sweetest, most unselfish creature in the world. To think that you would be willing to come to I.F. with Harry just to save my poor injured leg. I am overwhelmed.

However, did Harry tell you that he is just recovering from whooping cough, which is a very contagious disease and which you would undoubtedly contract from him? And in his zeal to aid his fraternity brother, me, he exaggerated slightly. My fractured ankle is only a slight sprain and moreover I could dance better in a cast plus a straightjacket than my dear pal, Harry.

If you are coming to I.F. as my date, I want you to be my date. I don't like this share the wealth plan.

Love,

JOHNNY.

Monday the 27th

Dear Johnny and Harry --

Just a note to let you know that I don't think I'll be coming to I.F. -- with either of you -- I think I'm going up to Dartmouth's Winter Carnival with Chuck. The men up there seem to be so much more healthy and virile.

Love,

CAROL.

P.S.

I'm sending back both of your fraternity pins.

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A distinguished alumni body.
A loyal and spirited student body.

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Lehigh University

Bethlehem, Pa.

Football

More on the
same subject

Donald R. Schoen '41

■ Opinion ■

WERE anyone to charge that the Alumni Student Grant plan is an unprogressive, unsound move on the part of the alumni, and that the fact that it has been adopted and officially, if tacitly, sanctioned is a sign of weakness in the University and its administration, he would undoubtedly be branded forthwith as an uninformed crackpot, totally devoid of interest in football, totally lacking in loyalty to his alma mater and respect for her leaders.

And yet while I should wholeheartedly resent having any of these epithets hurled at me, I must confess that I am prepared to make just those charges. The Alumni Student Grant plan seems to me to be a step in exactly the wrong direction; and it seems to me that it is to be regarded with concern, not so much because of its intrinsic undesirability, but because it ought to serve to call attention to a weakness in the University which has been completely overlooked.

No one who read carefully the four articles on this issue in the December BACHELOR could fail to applaud Tony Carcione for calling for a consideration of all the facts in the matter. The history of football at Lehigh which he presented is most illuminating and is of course undeniable in all its aspects. It is undeniably true—as he, Chuck Balough, and Bill Danshaw pointed out—that when Lehigh had subsidized football teams, we could produce better football than when we did not. It also must be admitted—for the sake of argument, if not in any case—that the pursuit of a policy of subsidization such as the “plan” offers will in all likelihood better Lehigh’s none-too-enviable football record.

It is also undoubtedly true that it is possible to get men under such a plan—witness the present recipients of the grants—who are at the same time good football players, gentlemen of high character, and better-than-average students. There is also no questioning the fact that a great number of schools in the country have adopted football subsidization plans in one form or another, with no apparent ill effects.

All these facts which the proponents of the plan argue must be admitted, even by its most ardent opponents, if we are to reach a sound judgment in the matter.

But if previous discussions have unearthed most of the pertinent *facts* in the case—and I believe that they have, in a certain sense—it seems to me that they have not clearly sifted the *issues* which we must consider over and above those facts, and which we must consider if we are to reach a sound conclusion.

* * *

It seems to me that in order to examine this controversy in a comprehensive fashion, we must ask ourselves the following questions:

1. Can the Alumni Student Grant plan be considered

as a project which concerns merely the alumni, or must it be considered in terms of the policy of the University as a whole?

2. Is the relationship of the University to intercollegiate athletics, including football, incidental or integral?

3. What is important and what is incidental in college life—what is the University trying, or what ought it to be trying, to do?

4. Why does a University give scholarships? Is subsidization compatible with University scholarship policy?

* * *

1. If the Alumni Student Grant plan were the concern solely of the alumni, then any consideration of its merits either by the students, faculty or administration would be presumptuous. But such, it seems to me, is not the case; the issue involves the entire University family. To argue that the manner in which a student’s tuition is paid is the concern only of himself and the person who pays it, is perfectly true in the case of individuals. To argue similarly in the present controversy is to miss the broader point that the alumni association is an organized group, considered ordinarily as a very vital part of the university’s life, even if not in a direct sense.

2. Furthermore, it seems to me to be truistic to declare, as did Dean Christian Gauss of Princeton’s athletic council before the N.C.A.A. recently, that we ought to integrate athletics more thoroughly “with a college education.” It seems important that we remember this, though, in any consideration of athletic policy.

3. This leads us to a consideration of the third point: what do we mean by a college education? Most of us would agree that the college ought primarily to be interested in assisting students in their intellectual, moral, social and physical growth, or at least few of us would violently disagree with that definition. But if this is the main purpose, other functions, such as providing the glorious spectacle which is football, are secondary, and should be developed only to a point where they are compatible with that main function. It seems to me that when a University permits its alumni to subsidize football players, it is allowing the emphasis on football to be pushed beyond a reasonable point. But this is not the only objection.

4. The university provides for the award of scholarships to those needy students who apparently will best profit from a college education. It is perhaps true that sometimes in awarding scholarships, too much emphasis is placed upon mere scholastic proficiency and not enough on the other qualities which make up the man of ability. But certainly we are no more likely to select the best men if we insist that they be football players, than we are if we insist that they be potential Phi Betes. There are too few scholarships available to help the first-rate men as it is. Very often these first-rate men may be football players, but to stipulate that to be a worthy man, a man must be a football player, is to be unfair to many of the top-notch men who are not.

Furthermore, no matter how euphemistically we may speak with regard to the matter, the naked fact remains that subsidizing athletes is exactly equivalent to hiring profes-

THERE is something about Ireland and its people that almost defies rationalization, for the two seem to work a bewitching spell not only upon the unwary but even those forearmed well in advance. Did you ever read anything from the pen of any man or woman who really knew the island, who had lived among its people for long, which was written without emotion and in a spirit of complete intellectual detachment? People may write that way about America and other countries but not about Ireland. In the month of May, at least, from County Wicklow to Killarney Lakes and beyond it is one great fairy land, with a certain unearthly quality of charm in hill and bog-land—with the verdure possessing a vividness beyond all expression—the open stretches dotted with country seats and the ruins of mediæval castles, with isolated, low-lying, cream colored, thatched cottages protruding, with here and there a town, such as Macroom teeming on market day with cattle, sheep, pigs, drovers with brandishing sticks, women with great baskets under their arms or perched atop their tall carts pulled by diminutive horses, with vast excitement and movement accompanying the weekly task of buying and selling; and then the cities with their shrines and at night from the streets joyous laughter such as I have never heard it in any other country. Yet this is unhappy Ireland!

Indeed, it would hardly be an exaggeration to assert that within the Anglo-Celtic world there have in the past been few neutrals with respect to this native land of the Irish. In the seventeenth century Sir Francis Bacon in all honesty declared it a mistake to put forth efforts to civilize the American Indians when the Irish were, he felt, much more in need of it. On the other hand Mrs. John Richard Green, the wife of the eminent English historian, and a writer of distinction in her own right, discovered this people to have been possessed to a preeminent degree throughout their long, if stormy, history of a priceless culture.

It is impossible to disassociate Ireland from the rest of the British Isles and her struggle to attain independence of action. The story is filled with pathos and also with fantastic contradictions. To begin with, the island was given in overlordship to King Henry II in the twelfth century by the Pope hoping that thereby it would at long last become a loyal Catholic land. That pious expectation was more than amply fulfilled; for it became perhaps the most devoted of all the countries of the world to its connections with Rome. In fact, so staunch became that bond in the course of time that when with the coming of the Reformation an effort was made to break it, to carry the Irish away together with the English, the Scots, and the Welsh from that historic mooring, the real revolt of this people took place.

The latter part of the sixteenth century and the early part of the seventeenth was a period of frenzy not only in Europe with its terrible religious wars but in Ireland which witnessed treasons, revolts, massacres, confiscations of land, the planting of an Anglo-Scottish civilization in Ulster and the ultimate total subjection of the island to the rule of England. Yet when the frenzy died down one is confronted by the most paradoxical of situations. Throughout the most rebellious portions of Ireland Cromwell had scattered his Puritan Ironsides, giving the common soldiers small allotments of land and the officers larger holdings. It was felt that thereby the country would be kept indefinitely under proper control. This process was repeated by William III

Enigmatic Ireland

Lawrence H. Gipson

Head of the department
of History and
Government

▪ Article ▪

toward the end of the above century after the battle of the Boyne. What happened? According to the report of a royal commission issued at the end of the first decade of the eighteenth century, a large proportion of the descendants of the original Cromwellian settlement had become so completely Irish in spirit and sympathy that they either would not or could not speak the English language—thoroughgoing Irishmen in outlook on life, in manner of living, in religion. And, according to this same report, the children of William's soldiers were beginning likewise to foresake their English culture in favor of that of Ireland. Indeed, the fascination that the Irish way of life has had for Englishmen who have gone to Ireland and their tendency to succumb to it is one of the best established facts in history. This is amply illustrated by the futility of the harsh statutes of Kilkenny passed as early as 1367 by an Anglo-Irish Parliament sitting in Dublin in their attempt if possible to terrorize the English settled about that ancient city into a refusal to become Irishmen. Not even the threat of death was sufficient.

On the other hand, behind all the facade of hostility to things British erected on the part of Irishmen within the Free State is the simple incontrovertible fact that if an Irishman has to leave his beloved island he seldom thinks of going to any other than an English-speaking country where he is sure to find congregated his fellow Irishmen and sure also of a welcome. One naturally thinks of the vast Irish emigration to the United States, rather than to Catholic Latin America, and the making of the most "English" American city, Boston, an Irish political borough; one thinks of the movement of the Irish likewise to the British dominions, and of their historic predominance in such places as Newfoundland but one seldom realizes the significance of the fact that tens of thousands of eloquent Irishmen after placing an undying curse upon the heads of their British neighbors across the Channel have found themselves lured to traverse that narrow stretch of water and once they have moved in among the "enemy" never think of returning. It is all very hard to understand.

In this connection, I am reminded of a conversation that I had in Cork in 1929 with a very cultivated Irishman, an ardent republican, who was a membe^r of the faculty of National University. While lunching together we fell into easy conversation relative to things Irish, American, and English.

"How does it happen," I asked him, according to the memorandum I made at the end of the day, "that you educated Irishmen are so much more like the English than are

Ping Pong Sonnets

(I)

A penthouse, penthouse, high above the hum;
A goddess on a bearskin by the fire,
My plump Diane; a glass of buttered rum
Between my hands; what more can man desire?

The burning stuff slides down and fires my heart,
My brain does know rum fires gray ashes make,
But sweet Diane, eternal apple-tart,
Never so my furnace flames can slake.

I do adore her so, a million times
To taste the sugar at her lips this night
Will only serve to quicken love's enzymes,
Increase my longing, whet my appetite

This is a golden paradise to hold,
And still I weep. The gaudy wench is cold.

(II)

We play at ping-pong, ah, how burns my eye
On her true prettiness. Among the stars
We play, and hit the ball across the sky,
My starry Venus pings the pong to Mars.

How shall I storm those undefrosted eyes,
How shall I mount those scarlet icy lips,
When all her looks bend on the ball, despise
It, though it were my tortured heart she flips?

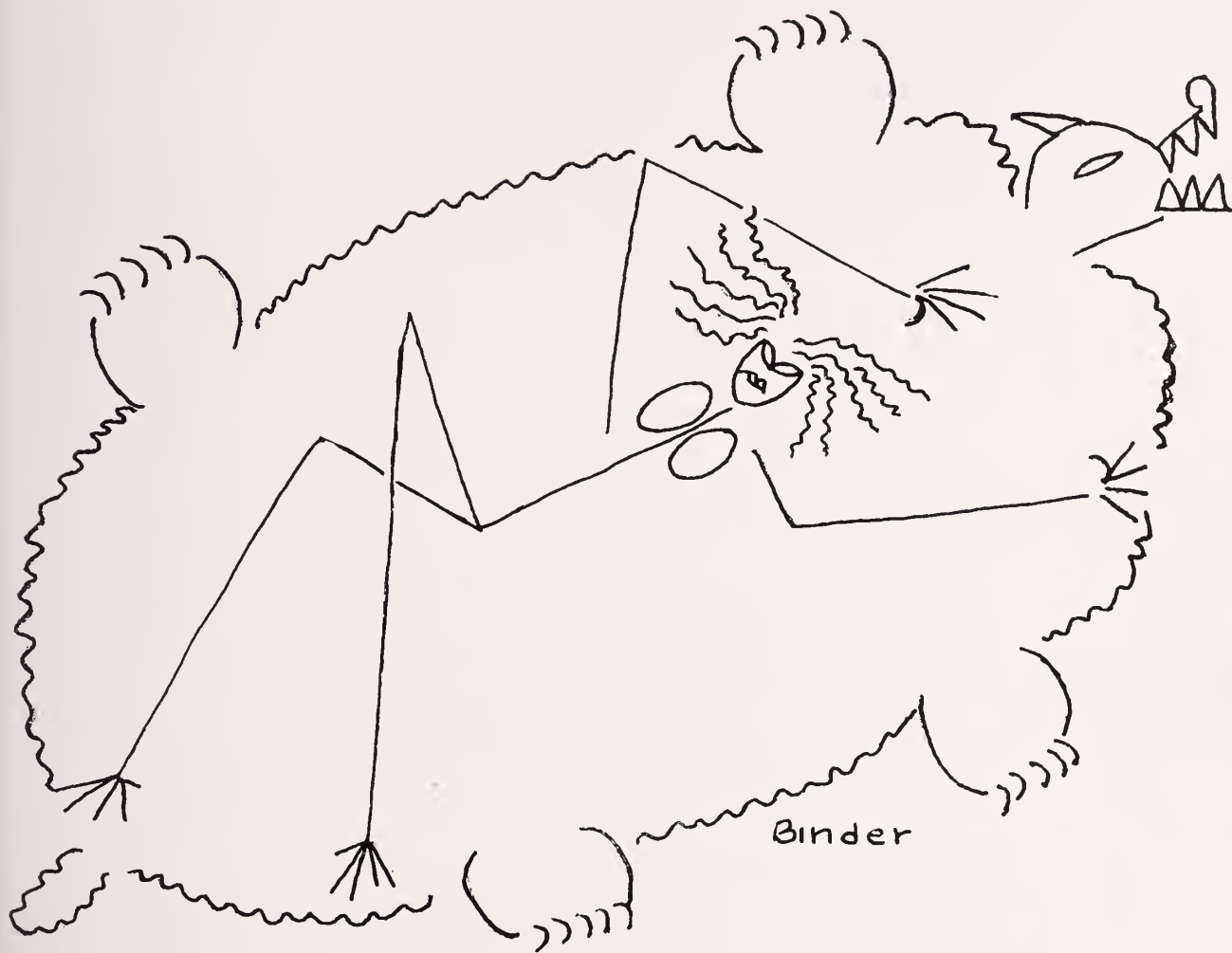
Beneath the table, crawling there, I find
Again my heart where still it sits,
The little red thing, empty, tough in rind,
Must be so, else it now would lie in bits.

My sweet Diane, while musing there I squat,
Goes, bored and languid, back to where it's hot.



Four sonnets, two
illustrations, and an idea

Jim Binder '41



(III)

Alone am I, the golden cube of ice
My love has left me desolate, quite fraught
And still unsatisfied. I feel not nice,
Not good, my blood goes boom, my veins are taut.

To lean across the rail is ecstasy,
The terrace overlooks the diamond town
Aglist with a blinking mazda sea;
My tears drop down, a hundred stories down.

O cold Diane, you make my soul cold meat,
I learn from you that love is not plum jam,
And if my hide were not a can, you'd eat
My hamburg soul entire, like bargain Spam.

My God, I hate you, but your eyes are gin,
And since I yearn for that, I go back in.

(IV)

The dear Diane, my lovely lovely louse,
Back on her bearskin lies she there,
To kneel beside her head, a quiet mouse,
And probe her eyes, it is despair.

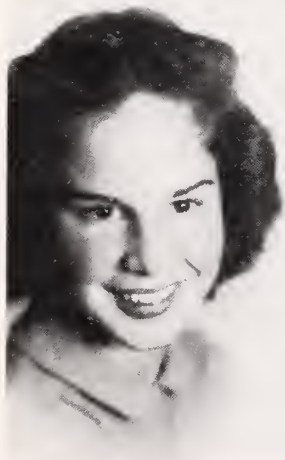
Two star-blue puddles, empty both of heat,
Stare upward at me, gorgeous deadly eyes,
My thumbs do itch to dig them out. They cheat
Me out of everything I want, my prize.

Now at her feet I snuggle, scan the lush
White hunk of angel ice with yellow capped;
I'll stay until our mouths together rush,
Outsit the penguin cold that has me trapped.

Diane, until the snowball turns to rose,
I'll crouch content and count your painted toes.

Some of the Best

*28 pictures of 28 dates
from 28 fraternities*

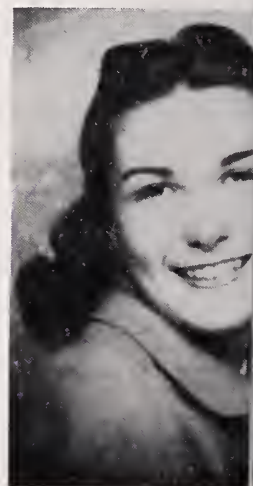


Alpha Chi Rho

Elizabeth Turck ("Bette") . . . South Orange, N. J. . . . secretary . . . brunette . . . 5' 4" . . . brown eyes . . . favorite sports . . . tennis and skating . . . escorted by Kenneth Norris

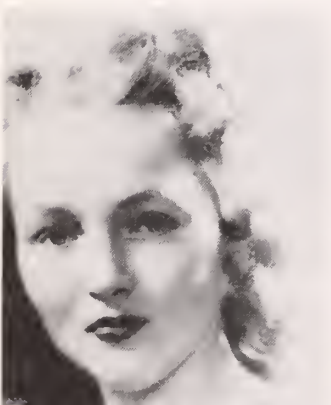
Alpha Kappa Pi

June Howlett ("Sis") . . . Hillside, N. J. . . . purchasing manager . . . brunette . . . 5' 6" . . . brown eyes . . . likes bowling and swimming . . . escorted by Emmet White.



Alpha Tau Omega

Marchia Stekette . . . Grand Rapids, Mich. . . . Kingswood School . . . blonde . . . 5' 6" . . . blue eyes . . . field hockey and fencing . . . escorted by Robert Craig.



Beta Kappa

Elizabeth Teel ("Betty") . . . Gulfport, Miss. . . Miss. State Teachers College . . . brunette . . . 5' 6" . . . blue eyes . . . enjoys tennis and boating . . . escorted by William Bley.



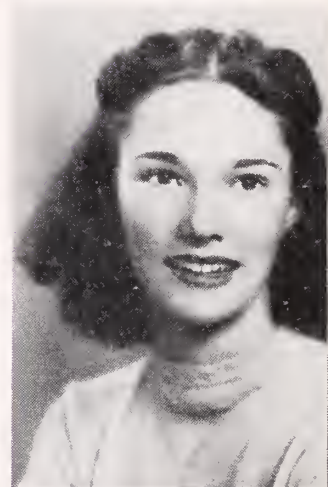
Beta Theta Pi

Elizabeth McKenney ("Beth") . . . Pittsburgh . . . Carnegie Tech Drama School . . . brunette . . . 5' 6" . . . brown eyes . . . loves to dance . . . escorted by Paul Reiber.



Chi Phi

Marilyn Ambrose . . . Westfield, N. J. . . . Duke University . . . brunette . . . 5' 6" . . . brown eyes . . . likes football . . . escorted by Edwin Leet.



Delta Phi

Mary Jane Harter . . . Pittsburgh . . . Pittsburgh College for Women . . . brunette . . . 5' 4" . . . brown eyes . . . loves to dance . . . escorted by Arthur Over.



Delta Sigma Phi

Joan Thomas . . . East Orange, N. J. . . . Drake Secretarial School . . . blonde . . . 5' 4" . . . blue eyes . . . swimming and tennis . . . escorted by Edward Davis.



Delta Tau Delta

Helen Kitchel . . . Kennett Square, Pa. . . .
Bennett Jr. College . . . blonde . . . 5' 2" . . .
blue eyes . . . hockey and swimming . . . es-
corted by William Metten.

Delta Upsilon

Elinor Quillin ("Blondie") . . . Allentown
. . . Allentown High . . . blonde . . . 5' 5"
. . . blue eyes . . . likes painting and dancing
. . . escorted by Gilbert Romberger.

Kappa Alpha

Joan Pennek . . . New York, N. Y. . .
brunette . . . 5' 5" . . . hazel eyes . . . favorite
sports—tennis and dancing . . . escorted
by A. M. Craig.

Kappa Sigma

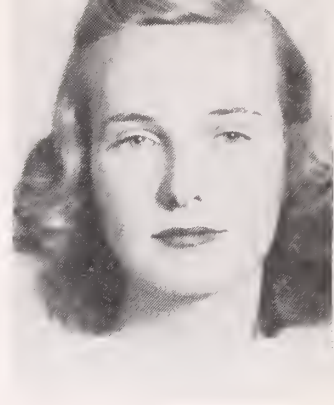
Margaret Rogers ("Peggy") . . . Summit,
N. J. . . . secretary . . . blonde . . . 5' 7"
. . . blue eyes . . . dancing and swimming . .
escorted by Arthur Moog.

Lambda Chi Alpha

Jeanette Cameron ("Jeanie") . . . West-
field, N. J. . . . Berkeley Secondary School
. . . blonde . . . 5' 4" . . . blue eyes . . . hockey
and skiing . . . escorted by Roland Beddows

Phi Delta Theta

Mary-Elizabeth Ulrich ("Biddie") . . .
Wyomissing, Pa. . . . Dr.'s receptionist . . .
blonde . . . 5' 6" . . . blue eyes . . . swimming
. . . escorted by Richard Palmer.



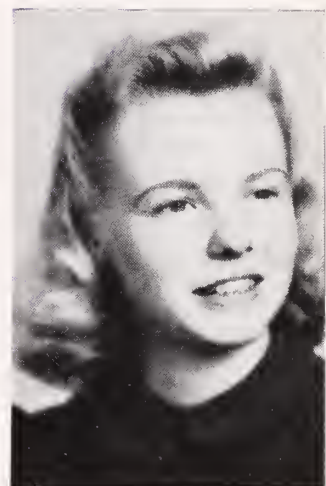
Phi Gamma Delta

Gerry Peters . . . Summit, N. J. . . . nurse
. . . blonde . . . 5' 4" . . . blue eyes . . . favorite
sport—swimming . . . escorted by Albert
Baker.



Phi Sigma Kappa

Nancy Houpt . . . Glenside, Pa. . . . Abbing-
ton High . . . cheerleader . . . blonde . . . 5' 4"
. . . blue eyes . . . escorted by Joel Clemmer.



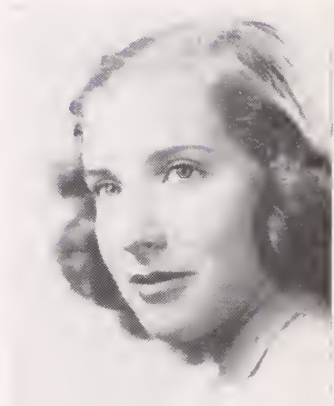
Pi Kappa Alpha

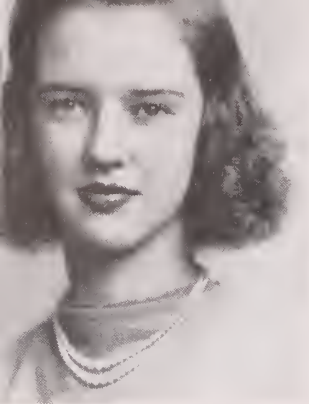
Florence McElroy ("Flo") . . . Lake Ho-
patcong, N. J. . . . Roxbury High School . . .
brunette . . . 5' 3" . . . hazel eyes . . . enjoys
swimming and ice skating . . . escorted by
Harrison Brennan.



Pi Lambda Phi

Sue Miller . . . Philadelphia . . . brunette
. . . 5' 4" . . . blue eyes . . . favorite sport—
tennis . . . escorted by Dick Bobbe.





Psi Upsilon

Patricia Reed ("Patty") . . . Glen Ridge, N. J. . . . Colby Jr. College . . . brunette . . . 5' 11" . . . blue eyes . . . enjoys swimming and dancing . . . escorted by Gilman Smith.

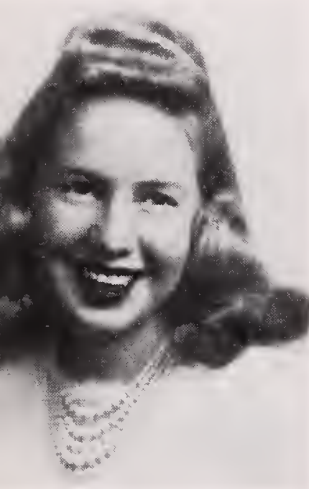
Sigma Alpha Mu

Lily Lasstt ("Snooks") . . . New York, N. Y. . . . model . . . brunette . . . 5' 6" . . . brown eyes . . . riding and tennis . . . escorted by Marvin Kantrowitz.



Sigma Chi

Louise Cappelen ("Lukie") . . . Washington, D. C. . . . Wilson High School . . . blonde . . . blue eyes . . . 5' 6" . . . riding and sailing . . . escorted by James Marsh.



Sigma Phi

Gisela Landers ("Mousey") . . . New York, N. Y. . . . Brokers and Bankers Business School . . . brunette . . . 5' 8" . . . brown eyes . . . swimming and tennis . . . escorted by John Probst.



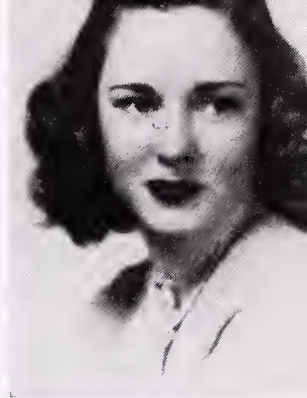
Sigma Phi Epsilon

Jean McAdam ("Little Mac") . . . Scarsdale, N. Y. . . . voice student . . . brunette . . . 5' 3" . . . brown eyes . . . ice skating and field hockey . . . escorted by James Witherpoon.



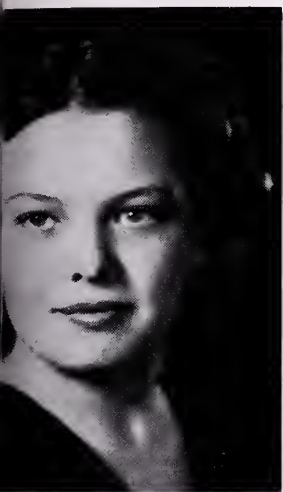
Sigma Nu

Norma A. Steelman . . . Great Neck, L. I.
. . . brunette . . . 5' 6" . . . brown eyes . . .
likes swimming and tennis . . . escorted by
John Holtvedt.



Tau Delta Phi

Jannette Basquil ("Jan") . . . St. Albans,
N. Y. . . . Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School
. . . brunette . . . 5' 4" . . . brown eyes . . .
tennis and riding . . . escorted by Jacques
Segal.



Theta Delta Chi

Ellen Jane Eckert ("Buck") . . . Cos Cob,
Conn. . . . Power's model . . . blonde . . . 5' 5"
. . . blue eyes . . . favorite sport—skeet shoot-
ing . . . escorted by Dick Brough.



Theta Kappa Phi

Virginia Fach ("Ginnie") . . . Staten Is-
land, N. Y. . . . Centenary Jr. College for
Women . . . brunette . . . 5' 6" . . . hazel eyes
. . . favorite sports—archery and golf . . .
escorted by Jack Sipp.



Theta Xi

Patricia Elliot ("Pat") . . . Wellesley . . .
blonde . . . 5' 2" . . . hazel eyes . . . likes
swimming and dancing . . . escorted by Jack
Gallagher.





Dear Diary—Tonite Richard and I had
our first quarrel.

Platter Prattle

JUST about a year ago, two bands were battling it out for supremacy in the field of real jazz. The rivals were Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw. Much water has passed over the dam since then. Shaw left his outfit in a rebellion against the commercial music he was forced to play because of public demand. Of course, Shaw's temperament had a great deal to do with it, too.

Goodman on the other hand, was taken seriously ill several times, and was finally forced to temporarily junk his group.

Both men have now completely reorganized, and both have started a new movement towards symphonic jazz, discarding hot music altogether. Shaw has made many recordings with his 23-piece orchestra, and Goodman has made very few. However, the employment of strings in the former's band has cut down appreciably the popularity he used to enjoy. Whether the public is not used to this type of music, or whether the results expected from Mr. Shaw's labor fell short are hard questions to answer.

We do know that his latest release *Concerto For Clarinet*, (two sides of a 12-inch Victor), is all Shaw on both sides, and except for a few isolated bars in part one, is nothing more than an exhibition of clarinet playing that receives plenty of build-up from the orchestral background, and then leaves you cold wondering whether it is music or showmanship. This might be compared with Goodman's new 12-incher on Columbia, *Benny Rides Again* and *The Man I Love*. *Again* is a very unusual piece of music and not at all what you might expect from the title. It is really concrete evidence of this so-called symphonic jazz. Written by Eddie Sauter, it starts off with a Cootie Williams' trumpet solo, changes to a *Sing Sing Sing* tempo with Benny taking his lick. Before you know it, a very melodious sax section interrupts and tones the whole thing to a very beautiful low pitch with B.G. leading the way. Brass

choruses end the masterpiece.

The Man is an exquisite rendition of one of the Gershwins' best offerings. You'd never know it was Goodman except for the vocal on which Helen Forrest does an amazingly fine job. The background is gorgeous; the brief trumpet solo by Jimmy Maxwell, followed by an interlude of the King's clarinet make this a priceless recording.

The reason so much time is spent on these two recordings is because we feel that they are indicative of the future trend in popular music and arrangement.

• Dinah Shore

(Bluebird) *I Hear A Rhapsody* and *I Do, Do You?* Of course, you could never say anything against this young lady. However, the accompaniment takes a lot of the usual fire out of this pair of selections.

• Alvino Ray

(Bluebird) *Rose Room* and *Tiger Rag*. *Room* is an oldy, and although it has been played by practically every band in existence, Ray's arrangement is good listening. He puts that electric guitar to work in *Rag*. You'll have to form your own opinion on this one.

• Glenn Miller

(Bluebird) *Anvil Chorus* (Parts 1 and II). It is a bit looser than most of Miller's arrangements and some of his musicians get a chance to show their ability in solo work. This waxing is a very welcome change from Glenn's usual stock commercial stuff.

• Bea Wain

(Victor) *Hello Ma! I Done It Again!* A very nice return for Miss Wain, who does things with some clever lyrics. *How Did It Get So Late So Early* is a better than average tune.

• Tommy Dorsey

(Victor) *Swing High* and *Swing Time Up In Harlem*. Sy Oliver wrote *High*. It's a very fast moving selection with solos by Johnny Mince, clarinet, Hymie Shertzer, sax, T. D. himself, Buddy Rich, drums, and of course, Ziggy Elman who is masterful as usual. *Harlem* has a nice tempo, a fair vocal, by Connie Haines, plenty of hot piano and sax, and a goodly portion of Ziggy's horn.

NEW Victor Recordings

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27289—*Dr. Livingston I Presume?*
When the Quail Come Back to San Quentin
Artie Shaw
and His Gramercy 5

27287—*All Night Long*
The Memory of a Rose
Swing and Sway
with Sammy Kaye

27278—*Smart Aleck*
Lost Love
Lionel Hampton
and His Orchestra

36383—*Concerto for Clarinet (12 in.)*
Parts 1 and 2
Artie Shaw
and His Orchestra

27274—*You Might Have Belonged to Another*
Oh! Look at Me Now
Tommy Dorsey
and His Orchestra

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"Room Service?"

FOOTBALL

from page 8

sionals, regardless of what we may offer them. As Dean Gauss puts it, "any halfback who gets board, room, and tuition is a professional. Now being a professional is not wicked, but it is not fair to ask amateurs to play against professionals."

It should matter not that ten, or a hundred, or a thousand other schools do have professional teams. If a university has the courage to lead rather than follow, it may consider and weigh what other schools do, but it will not seek to justify its own actions on the mere basis of what everyone else is doing.

* * *

These then, are the answers I would give to what I consider are the four main questions involved. If there has been a disagreement thus far, as I am well aware there will be, we should at least be clear at what points we may disagree.

If, however, we view the organized alumni and the University *in toto* as inseparable in this issue; if we view athletic policy as an integral part of educational policy, and as secondary to it; if we consider that scholarships should be awarded only to the most capable men; and if we grant that subsidizing players is equivalent to hiring professional athletes; then it seems to me that we are quite likely to accept what has been the traditional conclusion: that professional athletics have no place in a university.

Subsidization is not dishonest, unless it is purposely disguised; there is no question of dishonesty in the Alumni Student Grant plan. The objections to the plan are primarily objections to a misplaced emphasis, to a mistaken judgment.

* * *

If anyone has found himself able to agree with the argument up to this point, he will probably now find himself asking: "But Lehigh's football record indicates that we have a problem. How else can we solve it if we don't subsidize—unless of course we abolish football, which few students want to see happen?"

So long as there is an interest in football, there is no need to consider abolishing it; most of us agree on that

point,—and is there anyone with the temerity to foresee a lack of interest in the game? But if eliminating the game is an extreme measure, so is professionalizing it. Both measures are extreme, both are undesirable, and paradoxically enough, both of them follow paths of least resistance. Certainly few Lehigh men would care to see football eliminated here. But it seems just as reasonable to believe equally few would approve a policy of subsidization, if they felt that there were any other available solution to the problem.

Ideally it seems to me that the problem is one which the students alone should solve. Certainly the team is supposed to represent them, and their support and interest is a determining factor to a certain extent in the outcome of the games. To suppose, though, that we can beat Lafayette or Penn State simply by an increase in the amount of cheering and interest, is of course naive. And the attitude of the majority of students and alumni seems to indicate that we prefer subsidization to a continued series of defeats. This attitude is perhaps unfortunate, but until more Lehigh men realize that to a certain extent at least, the same factors are contributing to a football problem that contribute to a weak student government,—to the fact that the students concert-lecture series events are not eminently successful—to the lack of sufficient mutual understanding between so many of the students and so many of the faculty. Here we could become involved in a distinctly separate discussion, but in a word, these problems arise out of the predominantly impersonal attitude which so easily prevails in an institution concerned predominantly with impersonal, technical subjects, and out of the fact that there is little attempt made on the part of either students, alumni, or faculty to relate extra-curricular life generally and football specifically to the educational aims of the University.

Earlier I presented the thesis that the adoption of the Alumni Grant plan is not *ipso facto* so much a cause for concern, as is the fact that the movement points to a weakness in the University set-up which has been completely ignored.

Essentially that weakness is one of disunity: the adoption of the plan in-

next page, please

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FOOTBALL

from preceding page

volved four distinct groups in the University, and yet only one of them has had a voice in considering it. The students are primarily concerned, and although numerically the preponderance of their points of view may favor the plan, no students were ever officially consulted. The faculty ought to be looked to for leadership in any issue involving the entire University, but to my knowledge, they too were never given an opportunity to consider the question. The president and the board of trustees have final authority to formulate and direct university policy, but to the knowledge of students, at least, neither the president nor any member of the board of trustees ever publicly expressed an opinion in the matter.

It may be that even had the four groups co-operated, the end result would have been the same. At least, however, the minority (if it is a minority) would have had the opportunity to be heard, and to be convinced that the "plan" was being adopted because all groups concerned were satisfied that it offered the best available solution—not because one group—the alumni—alone desired it.

Perhaps the football problem is immediately insoluble in any other terms than the Alumni Grant plan; perhaps I am mistaken in considering it to be a problem. But it seems to me that it is extremely unfortunate that the leadership in attempting its solution came from the alumni alone, that the president officially maintained a complete silence in the matter, and that the students and the faculty were never consulted.

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ENIGMATIC IRELAND

from page 9

Americans? Your manner of speaking and living, the way you dress, the way you eat, a hundred little subtle things identify you with the civilization of England." With a laugh and twinkle in his eye he retorted, "It is the English that copy after us."

Strange as it may seem, an Irishman trusts an Englishman frequently farther than he will his own countrymen. This point was emphasized to me by a young Irish lawyer in Dublin with whom I witnessed Sean O'Casey's "The Plow and the Stars" at the Abbey Theatre. Although he had taken arms against England during the period of the "troubles" and with other patriotic Irish students had defended the Dublin Custom's House until ejected by shell fire from a war ship, he made this striking statement, which I also quote from my memorandum:

"We Irish possess, I fear, certain defects in character. I will make this clear to you. Here at home, at least, we lack faith in ourselves. Let me illustrate. It has been my observation that an Englishman can come to this island and make a success of a business where an Irishman will fail. In spite of everything we say, we have greater faith in him (the Englishman) and in what he has to sell than we have in a fellow Irishman and what he offers to us. Time and again I have seen this evidenced, this superior faith in the English, this preference for things English."

Yet in this befuddled world in going to England, after working for some weeks in the libraries and archives of

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Ireland and Scotland, I ran across an old college friend who had been for twenty years a British administrator in Nigeria in Equatorial Africa. In discussing the problems of imperial administration with me, time and again he would insist that the only officials who had the necessary capacity, the necessary fineness of touch, the proper sympathetic understanding in the day by day contact with the natives, were Irishmen. "We have eight Irishmen in the Nigerian Service," he stated with enthusiasm; "they are the best of the whole lot—the only men who really know what to do to keep things straight." In fact his faith in the superiority of the Irishman over his fellow Britishers was supreme.

Yet the paradox does not stop here. Ireland before the outbreak of the second World War was much more dependent for her welfare upon maintaining her English connection than was England upon her Irish connection. As one Irishman expressed the matter to me, in referring to the national surge for complete independence of Great Britain, then at its height:

"I recognize, as every well-informed Irishman must, our absolute economic dependence upon Great Britain. This must necessarily continue for a long time to come. Agriculture is the chief source of our wealth and Great Britain offers to us not only our best but our only reliable market for the things of the farm . . . ; in vain we have endeavored to compete with the Danes, the Dutch and other rivals for the continental markets but they can undersell us. What would happen to us should that profitable market through some unforeseen combination of cir-

The first "House of Entertainment" at Cambridge Massachusetts, was kept by a church deacon who afterwards became steward of Harvard College.

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cumstances be closed to us, I cannot say."

He thereupon went on to make an interesting confession—such as a Filipino might make with the prospect of Philippine independence from the United States staring the people of the archipelago in the face—"It is probably true that in our line of action in opposition to the British connection we have acted upon the basis of traditional impulse, in light especially of what has occurred in past generations than upon the basis of far-seeing statesmanship."

In fact, it has been charged that Ireland in relation to the British Commonwealth of Nations very humanly desires to enjoy all of the advantages of remaining voluntarily within it without assuming any of the corresponding obligations for its preservation. For her status with respect to the British connection since the Act of Westminster of a decade ago rests completely within the discretion of her own parliament and having freely to choose between complete independence of it and at least formal adherence to it the Free State hesitates and ponders. Meanwhile, with war now raging for the rest of the Empire it has proclaimed and observed a neutrality. How long that would be maintained should the United States find herself involved in the hostilities one can only surmise. For many decades Ireland has looked in the direction of America to her "sons overseas" for financial as well as moral support of her national aspirations. Yet the entrance of our own country into the first World War did not affect her determination to be saved from the implications of involvement. It may be that she again will choose the road of caution. She will be guided, as she has a right to be, by what she may feel are her national interests. Whether or not she may act wisely time alone can tell.

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Everything fine at school. I'm getting lots of sleep and am studying hard.

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Your son,
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Dear Pudge,

Don't buy any more fraternities.

Your pop,
POP.

—Texas Ranger

A dusky lady went into a drug-store and asked for one cent's worth of insect powder.

"But that isn't enough to wrap up," said the clerk.

"Nemind 'bout wrappin' it up. Jess blow it down ma back, dassall."

A salesman bringing his bride south on their honeymoon visited a hotel where he had boasted of the fine honey.

"Rastus," he asked the colored waiter, "where's my honey?"

"Ah don't know, boss," replied Rastus, eyeing the lady cautiously, "she don't work here no mo'."

—Texas Ranger

Three deaf Englishmen were riding through England on a train. As they came to a town one said, "Ah, this is Wembley."

"No," said the second, "this is Thursday."

Said the third, "So am I. Let's get off and have a Scotch and soda."

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—Old Maid

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And then one day she turned and
saw that he was smiling at her! She
smiled back at him! No, he didn't
turn away, he didn't disappear—he
looked at her more intently than be-
fore!

"Smile like that again," he said.

She blushed and dimpled. And he
laughed and laughed.

"Just as I thought," he said. "You
look like a chipmunk."

—*The Urchin*

•

The Father: "But young man, do
you think you can make my daughter
happy?"

Suitor: "Can I! Say, you ought
to have seen her last night!"

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That the good die young was never
said of a joke.

—*Texas Ranger*

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Elder Lee sleepily replied, "Like hell, I just dealt."

Once there was a mean Army officer—he was rotten to the corps.

A sensible girl is not so sensible as she looks because a sensible girl has more sense than to look sensible.

—Purple Parrot

"Why the black crepe on the door? Is your roommate dead?"

"That's no crepe; that's the roommate's towel." —Yellow Jacket

Who was that woman I saw you outwit last night?"

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"My boy friend kissed me a hundred times last night. Can you beat it?"

"I'm afraid not, babe. I'm tired."

—Drexler

"There's only one thing wrong with me blondie. I'm color blind."

"You sho' must be, mistah!"

—Colo. Dodo

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Chaucer and I wrote a dirty story,
Bawdy and lewd from the start;
But mine, people said, was porno-
graphic
And Chaucer's was classical art.

—Exchange

They laughed when I stood up to
sing—how was I to know I was under
the table?

—Scups and Pranks

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We were about to drive off when someone suggested that I look into the tank to see if I had enough gas. It was pretty dark, so I lit a match and leaned over the tank. I brought the match directly over the tank to enable me to see if there was any gas left. I saw that there was plenty. So I got in the car and drove off. —Point

All men are not fools. Some are bachelors.

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"If its formal we have it."

From life's book of tears and laughter
I have gained this little bit of lore—
I'd rather have a morning after
That never had a night before.

—Log

Tri-Delt (cooly)—You bad boy.
Don't you kiss me again.

Phi Delt: I won't. I'm just trying to
find out who has the gin at this party.

—Panther

Startling !

How a photograph
can breathe likeness

McCAA

makes them!

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